

Before we fall in love, please clarify



DIARY OF A BADDIE

with
Angela Kateemu

Dear Diary,

Every Kampala brunch table is essentially a crime scene investigation. One babe is swirling a Margarita, whispering, "Apparently, the wife knew about me the whole time." Another is claiming she is "fully healed" while stalking her ex's new girl's TikTok reposts like an FBI intern on a caffeine bender. The third is sighing, "He just was not ready for commitment," while the man in question is currently introducing a whole other woman to his mother in Ntinda.

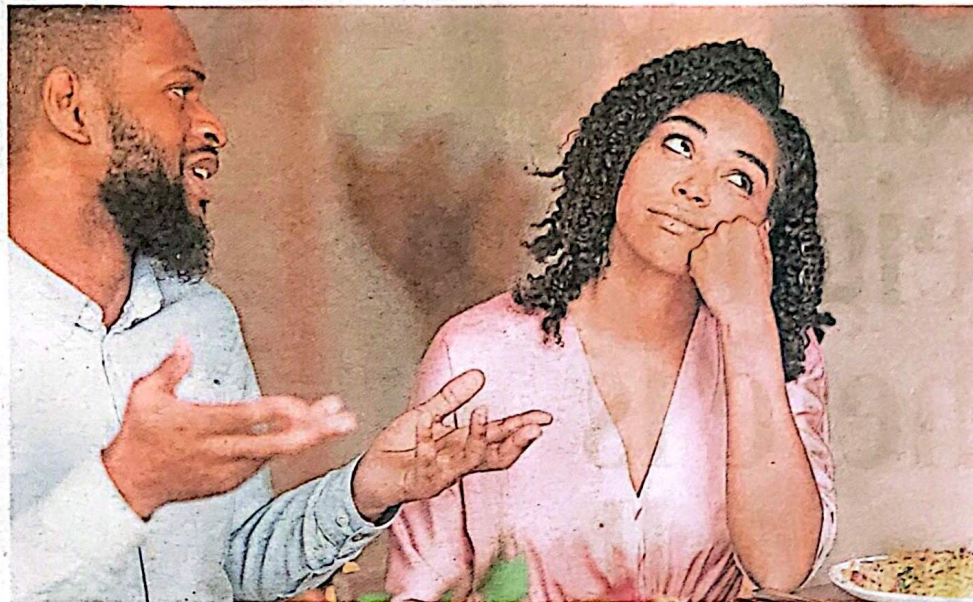
At this point, dating talk does not sound like romance anymore; it sounds like a post-mortem. How did we get here? How are we living in an era where everyone is technically single, yet emotionally entangled, spiritually colonised, "healing," and somehow still finding the time to

waste people's daughters?

Dating in 2026 is not about vibes and butterflies, anymore. It is due diligence. Before we swap playlists or you start "Good morning, beautiful-ing" me into a delusion, we have some administrative paperwork to clear. Accepting somebody's son into your life and parts now requires a full recruitment process.

Exhibit A: The "Single" Status. Are you single single, or are you "Nairobi single"? There is a massive difference. Single single means no one is waiting for you in another time zone. "Nairobi single" is when a man claims he is free, but there is a woman in Kigali, Toronto or Seeta who would literally collapse if she saw your weekend selfies or your Kyanja Airbnb videos.

Next question: Perception Management. Does anyone else



on this planet think they are in a relationship with you? Because some women are out here posting "Happy four-year anniversary, my king," while you are sitting across from me saying you are "figuring things out."

And while at it, let us talk about the "Work Wife." Why is Sandra from Procurement calling you "my person" at 11:47pm? Why does she have a PhD in your inside jokes? Why is she sitting in the front seat like she owns the logbook? Also, that "female bes-

tie" who crashes at your place for three weeks. Why does she know exactly where the spare boxers are kept? We are not being insecure, Mike; we are gathering data.

The Spiritual Baggage. Are you actually over your ex, or are you using innocent civilians as human shields to survive a heartbreak? Some of you are physically at dinner but spiritually sitting outside your ex's gate holding an emotional candle. If every disagreement ends with "My ex used to understand me," then go back

to your ex, Brenda. Why are you here suffering?

Are you looking for a partner, or a private chef you do not have to pay? Some men do not want love; they want a subscription service. They want laundry, therapy, sex, and someone to text "drive safe" while they contribute nothing but high blood pressure. That is not a relationship; that is unpaid labour with the occasional forehead kiss.

Also, do you actually like wom-

en? And while answering that, is that the gender you were assigned at birth? Because the dating streets are confusing now. Some men want girlfriends but find everything about women irritating. Communication is "pressure." Basic empathy is "feminism." Yet, they still want 24/7 access to your body and your peace.

Are you even legally allowed to be on the streets? Divorced, or "taking a break" from a marriage that does not know it is over. What about that "distant cousin" who does not share your bloodline? I could go on...

Honestly, the biggest scam of 2026 is the "Peace" narrative. Everyone claims they are "protecting their peace" while half the city is entangled in overlapping situationships held together by selective honesty and soft-launching in the DMs.

Before we "fall in love," I need two black and white Kodak passport photos, a certified copy of your National ID, URSB records, and an affidavit signed by God Himself. Because these streets? They are not just moving mad, they will devour you!

XoXo
Yours, in waiting,

—TheKat